



## LETTERS ON MARRIAGE.

ASCRIBED TO THE

Reverend JOHN WITHERSPOON,

*Late President of Princeton College.**(Continued.)*

IT is by far the safest and most promising way to marry with a person nearly equal in rank, and perhaps in age; but if there is to be a difference, the risk is much greater, when a man marries below his rank, than when a woman descends from her's.

The first part of this maxim has been in substance advanced by many writers, and therefore little will need to be said upon it. I must, however, explain its meaning, which is not always clearly comprehended. By equality in rank, must be understood, not equality in fortune, but in education, taste, and habits of life. I do not call it inequality, when a gentleman of estate married a lady who has been from the beginning brought up in the same class of society with himself, and is in every respect as elegant in her sentiments and manners, but by some incidents, that perhaps have lately happened, is unequal to him in point of fortune. I know that from the corrupt and selfish views which prevail so generally in the world, a marriage of this kind is often considered as unequal, and an act of great condescension on the part of the man; but the sentiment is illiberal and unjust. In the same manner, when a lady marries a gentleman of character and capacity, and in every respect suitable to her, but that his estate is not equal to what she might expect, I do not call it unequal. It is true, parents too frequently prefer circumstances to character, and the female friends of a lady at her own disposal, may say in such a case, that she has made a poor bargain. But taking it still for granted that the fortune only is unequal, I affirm there is nothing in this circumstance that forbodes future dissention, but rather the contrary. An act of generosity never produced a fretful disposition in the person who did it, nor is it reasonable to suppose it will often have that effect on the one who receives it.

The importance, therefore, of equality, arises singly from this circumstance—that there is a greater probability, that the turn, taste, employments, amusements, and general carriage of two persons so intimately joined, and so frequently together, will be mutually agreeable.

The occasion or motive of first entering into the marriage contract, is not of so much consequence to the felicity of the parties, as what they find after they are fairly engaged, and cannot return back. When I visit a new country, my judgment of it may be influenced a little, but neither much nor long, by flattering hopes or hideous apprehensions, entertained before ac-

tual trial. It has been often said that dissensions between married people, generally take their rise from very inconsiderable circumstances; to which I will add, that this is most commonly the case among persons of some station, sense, and breeding. This may seem odd, but the difficulty is easily solved. Persons of this character have a delicacy on the subject of so close an union, and expect a sweetness and compliance in matters that would not be minded by the vulgar; so that the smallness of the circumstance appears in their eye an aggravation of the offence. I have known a gentleman of rank and his lady part for life, by a difference arising from a thing said at supper, that was not so much as observed to be an impropriety by three fourths of the company.

This then, is what I apprehend the importance of equality in rank. Without this equality, they do not understand one another sufficiently for continual intercourse. Many causes of difference will arise, not only sudden and unexpected, but impossible to be foreseen, and therefore not provided against. I must also observe, that an explication or an expostulation, in the cases here in view, is more tedious and difficult than any other—perhaps more dangerous and uncertain in the issue. How shall the one attempt to convince the other of an incongruity of behaviour, in what all their former ideas have taught them to believe as innocent or decent, sometimes even laudable? The attempt is often considered as an insult on their former station, and instead of producing concord, lays the foundation of continual solicitude, or increasing aversion. A man may be guilty of speaking very unadvisedly through intemperate rage, or may perhaps come home flustered with liquor, and his wife, if prudent, may find a season for mentioning them, when the admonition will be received with calmness, and followed by reformation; but if she discovers her displeasure at rusticity of carriage, or meanness of sentiment, I think there is little hope that it will have any effect that is good. The habit cannot be mended; yet he may have sagacity enough to see that the wife of his bosom has despised him in her heart.

I am going to put a case. Suppose that the late —, who acquired so vast an estate, and married a lady of the first rank, education, and taste, and that she had learned a few anecdotes of his public speeches—that he spoke of this here report, of that there committee—or of a man's being drowned on the coast of the Island of Pennsylvania. Now, I desire to know how she could help pouring, and being a little out of humour, especially if he came home full of inward satisfaction, and was honestly of opinion that he spoke equally as well as any other in the house? That things may be fairly balanced, I will put another case. Suppose a gentleman of

rank, literature, and taste, has married a tradesman's daughter for the sake of fortune, or from desire, which he calls love, kindled by an accidental glance of a fresh-colored young woman: suppose her never to have had the opportunity of being in what the world calls good company, and in consequence to be wholly ignorant of the modes that prevail there: suppose, at the same time, that her understanding has never been enlarged by reading, or conversation. In such a case, how soon must passion be sated, and what innumerable causes of shame and mortification must every day produce? I am not certain, whether the difficulty will be greater, if she continues the manners of the former, or attempts to put on those of her present station. If any man thinks that he can easily preserve the esteem and affection due to a wife in such circumstances, he will probably be mistaken, and no less so if he expects to communicate refinement by a few lessons, or prevent misbehaviour by fretfulness, or peevish and satirical remarks.

But let me now come to the latter part of the maxim, which I do not remember to have ever met with in any author—that there is a much greater risk when a man marries below his rank, than when a woman marries below her's. As to the matter of fact, it depends entirely upon the justness and accuracy of my observations, of which every reader must be left to judge for himself. I must, however, take notice, that when I speak of a woman marrying below her station, I have no view at all to include what there have been some examples of—a gentleman's daughter running away with her father's footman, or a lady of quality with a player, this is, in every instance, an act of pure lasciviousness, and is, without any exception that ever I heard of, followed by immediate shame and future beggary. It has not, however, any more connection with marriage, than the transactions of a brothel, or the memoirs of a kept mistress. The truth is, elopements in general are things of an eccentric nature: and when I hear of one, I seldom make any further enquiry after the felicity of the parties. But when marriages are contracted with any degree of deliberation, if there be a difference in point of rank, I think it is much better the advantage should be on the woman's side than on the man's; that is to say, marriages of the first kind are usually more happy than the other.

Supposing, therefore, the fact to be as now stated, what remains for me is, to investigate a little the causes of it, and point out those circumstances in human tempers and characters, or in the state of society, which give us reason to expect that it will, in most cases, turn out so. Whenever any effect is general, in the moral as well as natural world, there must be some permanent cause, or causes, sufficient to account for it. Shall we assign as one reason for it, that



there is, taking them complexly, more of real virtue and commanding principle in the female sex than in the male, which, makes them, upon the whole, act a better part in the married relation? I will not undertake to prove this opinion to be true, and far less will I attempt to refute or shew it to be false. Many authors of great penetration have affirmed it; and doubtless taking virtue to be the same thing with sound faith and good morals, much may be said in its favor. But there does not appear to me so great a superiority in this respect, as fully to account for the effect in question. Besides, the advantages which men have in point of knowledge, from the usual course of education, may perhaps balance the superiority of women, in point of virtue; for none surely can deny, that matrimonial discord may arise from ignorance and folly, as well as vice. Allowing, therefore, as much influence to this cause, as every one from experience and observation may think its due, I beg leave to suggest some other things which certainly do co-operate with it, and augment its force.

1. It is much easier, in most cases, for a man to improve or rise after marriage to a more elegant taste in life than a woman. I do not attribute this in the least to superior natural talents, but to the more frequent opportunities he has of seeing the world, and conversing with persons of different ranks. There is no instance in which the sphere of business and conversation is not more extensive to the husband than the wife; and therefore if a man is married to one of taste superior to his own, he may draw gradually nearer to her, though she descend very little. I think I can recollect more instances than one of a man in business married at first to his equal, and, on a second marriage, to one of higher breeding, when not only the house and family, but the man himself, was speedily in a very different stile. I can also recollect instances in which married persons rose together to an opulent estate from almost nothing, and the man improved considerably in politeness, or fitness for public life, but the woman not at all.—The old gossips and the old conversation continued to the very last. It is not even without example, that a plain woman, raised by the success of her husband, becomes impatient of the society forced upon her, takes refuge in the kitchen, and spends most of her agreeable hours with her servants, from whom, indeed, she differs nothing but in name. A certain person in a trading city in Great-Britain, from being merely a mechanic, turned dealer, and in a course of years acquired an immense fortune.—He had a strong desire that his family should make a figure, and spared no expense in purchasing velvets, silks, laces, &c. but at last he found that it was lost labor, and said very truly, that all the money in Great-Britain would not make his wife and his daughters ladies.

2. When a woman marries below her rank, I think it is, generally speaking, upon better motives than when a man marries below his, and therefore no wonder that it should be attended with greater comfort. I find it asserted in several papers of the Spectator, and I think it must be admitted by every impartial observer, that women are not half so much governed, in their love attachments, by beauty, or outward form, as men. A man of a very mean figure, if he has any talents, joined to a tolerable power of speech, will often make him acceptable to a very lovely woman. It is also generally thought that a woman rates a man pretty much

according to the esteem he is held in by his own sex; if this is the case, it is to be presumed that when a man succeeds in his addresses to a lady of higher breeding than his own, he is not altogether void of merit, and therefore will not in the issue disgrace her choice. This will be confirmed by reflecting that many such marriages must be with persons of the learned professions, it is past a doubt that literature refines as well as enlarges the mind, and generally renders a man capable of appearing with tolerable dignity, whatever have been the place or circumstances of his birth. It is easy to see that the reverse of all this must happen upon the other supposition: when a man marries below his rank, the very best motive to which it can be attributed, is an admiration of her beauty. Good sense, and other more valuable qualities are not easily seen under the disguise of low breeding, and when they are seen have seldom justice done them. Now as beauty is much more fading than life, and fades sooner in a husband's eye than any other, in a little time nothing will remain but what tends to create uneasiness and disgust.

3. The possession of the graces, or taste and elegance of manners, is a much more important part of a female than a male character. Nature has given a much greater degree of beauty and sweetness to the outward form of women, than of men, and has by that means pointed out wherein their several excellencies should consist. From this, in conjunction with the former observation, it is manifest, that the man who finds in his wife a remarkable defect in point of politeness, or the art of pleasing, will be much more disappointed than the woman who finds a like defect in her husband. Many do not form any expectation of refinement in their husbands, even before marriage: not a few, if I am not much mistaken, are rather pleased than otherwise, to think that any one who enters the house, perceives the difference between the order and elegance of the wife, and the plainness, not to say the awkwardness, of the husband. I have observed this, even down to the lowest rank. A tradesman or country farmer's wife will sometimes abuse and scold her husband for want of order or cleanliness, and there is no mark of inward malice or ill humor in that scolding, because she is sensible it is her proper province to be accurate in that matter. I think also, that the husband in such cases is often gratified instead of being offended, because it pleases him to think that he has a wife that does just as she ought to do. But take the thing the other way, and there is no rank of life, from the prince to the peasant, in which the husband can take pleasure in a wife more awkward or more slovenly than himself.

To sum up the whole, if some conformity or similarity of manners is of the utmost consequence to matrimonial comfort—if taste and elegance are of more consequence to the wife than the husband, according to their station: and, if it is more difficult for her to acquire it after marriage, if she does not possess it before—I humbly conceive I have fully supported my proposition, that there is a much greater risk in a man's marrying below his station, than a woman's descending from her's.

I am, &c.

#### THE CHINA ASTER.

I PLANTED it with my own hand," said my little sister holding up a withered China aster,

plucked up by the roots—"I covered it from the sun—I watered it night and morning, and after all,—(wiping her eyes with the corner of her frock)—after all, it is dead!"

Alas! how many are the occurrences in life, thought I, which resemble Mary's flower. Too easily believing what we wish, we adopt some pretty trifle, and laying it as it were in our bosom, love it "as a daughter"—Fancy paints it in gay colours; increasing in beauty we see its little leaves expand, and trace its progress with anxious solicitude from the *swelling bud* to the *full blow*; and then when we fondly expect to enjoy it, reality tells us—after all, it is dead!—

How often does an only son engross all the cares of his parents, and wind himself round every fibre of the heart—To cherish the idol is every wish on the stretch—to indulge it are all the rarities of art and nature procured—sleepless nights and anxious days are their lot; and lo! when they hope to see the end of their labours, struck by the hand of *disease*, or debased by the contaminating touch of *vice*, the agonizing parents find, after all, it is dead!—

And how sanguine are the expectations of those relations and friends, who possess a lovely girl endowed with all the charms of beauty and goodness—how do they exult in her very idea—she is the solace of their calamities and the staff of dependence for their declining years—Friendship rises in her defence like a wall—and affection nourishes her as the mild dews of spring—Ah! to how little purpose!—the canker worm of love preys upon the delicate root of this sweet sensitive; and the scorching winds of disappointment drink up its moisture—it fades—the hands of friendship and affection are united to support it in vain; for,

*The deep drawn oft repeated sigh  
Hath caus'd health's blushes to decay;  
The tear that moisten'd Beauty's eye  
Hath worn it's lustre quite away,*

It languishes and dies—and Regret, bitterly weeping raves round the lovely fallen and exclaims, after all, it is dead!

#### THE NATURE OF THE DOG.

[From a Paris paper]

A FEW days before the 9th Thermidor\*\* a Revolutionary Tribunal in one of the departments of the North of France condemned to death M. des R\*\*\*\*, an ancient Magistrate, and a most inestimable man, guilty, at fifty leagues from Paris, of a conspiracy, which had not existed at St. Lazare. M. des R. had a water Spaniel, of ten or twelve years old, of the small breed, which had been brought up by him, and had never quitted him. Des R\*\*\*\* in prison saw his family dispersed by a system of terror;—some had taken flight; others, themselves arrested, were carried into distant gaols; his domestics were dismissed; his house was buried in the solitude of the Seals; his friends either abandoned him or concealed themselves; every thing in the world was silent to him, except his Dog. This faithful animal had been refused admittance into the prison. He had returned to his master's house, and found it shut. He took refuge with a neighbour, who received him; but that posterity may judge soundly of the times in which we have existed, it must be added, that this man received him trembling, in secret, and dreading lest his humanity for an animal should conduct him to the scaffold.—



Every day, at the same hour, the Dog left the house. He went to the door of the prison and was refused admittance, but he constantly passed an hour before it, and then returned. His fidelity at length won upon the porter, and he was one day allowed to enter. The dog saw his master. It was difficult to separate them; but the goaler carried him away, and the dog returned to his retreat. He came back the next morning, and every day; and once each day he was admitted. He licked the hand of his friend, looked at him, licked his hand again, and went away of himself.

When the day of sentence arrived, notwithstanding the guard, he penetrated into the hall, and crouched himself between the legs of the unhappy man, whom he was about to leave forever.—The Judges condemned the man; and may my tears be pardoned for the expression, which escapes from them, they condemned him in the presence of his dog. They reconducted him to prison, and the dog, for that time did not quit the door. The fatal hour arrives; the prison opens; the unfortunate man passes out; it is the dog that receives him at the threshold. He clings upon his hand. Alas! that hand will never more be spread upon thy caressing head! He follows him. The axe falls, the master dies, but the tenderness of the dog cannot cease. The body is carried away, he walks at its side; the earth receives it, he lays himself upon the grave.

There he passed the first night, the next day, the second night. The neighbour, in the mean time, unhappy at not seeing him, risks himself, searching for the dog, guesses for the extent of his fidelity the asylum he has chosen, finds him, caresses him, brings him back, and makes him eat. An hour afterwards, the dog escaped, and regained his favorite place. Three months passed away, each morning of which he came to seek his food, and then returned to the ashes of his master; but each day he was more sad, more meagre, more languishing, and it was plain that he was gradually reaching his end. They endeavoured by chaining him up to wean him; but you cannot triumph over Nature! He broke or bit through his bonds; escaped; returned to the grave, and never quitted it more. It was in vain that they endeavoured to bring him back. They carried him food but he ate no longer. For four and twenty hours he was seen employing his weakened limbs in digging up the earth that separated him from the remains of the man he had so much loved. Passion gave him strength, and he gradually approached the body; his labours of affection then vehemently increased; his efforts became conclusive; he shrieked in his struggles; his faithful heart gave way, and he breathed out his last gasp, as if he knew that he had found his master!

\*The day on which Robespierre was overthrown.

#### ANECDOTE

*Of the Talents and Benevolence of an Indian Chief.*

There lived a few years ago at Nantucket, a Sagamore or Indian Chief, whose character deserves to be preserved. He had a peculiar talent for setting dislocated bones. In the fourteen years of his life, in which he kept an exact account, he set or healed no less than 1134 bones, and as he had practised some years before, he supposed he had operated on 1600 or 1700 persons. What is a remarkable trait in

his character, he never took fee or reward, for the most important services; as when he spent days and weeks in dressing wounds. He had the satisfaction of never losing a patient while under his care. This honest, worthy Indian died in November, 1797, at the advanced age of 84 years—a remarkable instance of native ingenuity and humanity.

#### NEWARK, JANUARY 19.

THE subscribers to the Rural Magazine will observe, that one year's publication is nearly completed—as its continuance beyond the year, will depend upon the continuance of the present patronage, and as the Proprietors would wish timely to be apprised of the intention of its patrons, that they may make arrangements accordingly, they request that such of the subscribers as may incline to withdraw their names at the end of the year, will give notice of their intentions, at or previous to the receipt of the 51st number.

Should a sufficient patronage remain, the work will be continued for another year.

Those persons therefore who do not signify their intentions to withdraw their names as aforesaid, will be considered subscribers for the next year.

No subscriptions will be received for less than one whole year.

#### —THE MORALIST—

*Industry, is intimately connected with many virtues.*

ORDER, sobriety, integrity, and temperance in pleasure, are usually associated with industrious merit. When a man's powers are fully occupied on useful objects he is, in a great measure exempted from the temptations that lead to vice. Labour tends to cool the boiling ardor of the passions, and to introduce among them tranquility and order. Intense application to business, exhausts that irregular and impure fire that is continually drawing aside into vice those who live without proper employment.

Man being formed for action is restless and unhappy without it, and is prone to seek that excitement from vicious ideas and pursuits which he ought to receive only from beneficial plans and virtuous engagements. His imagination is apt to be filled with loose scenes—criminal desires rise and ferment in his heart—sensual appetites are the only principles that have force sufficient to rouse and occupy him.—If we look back on life, has it not been when we were most idle that we have been most exposed to temptation? Among the idle do we not usually find the slaves of intemperance and debauchery? Among the idle do we not find those who sacrifice honor, conscience, and time, by a base and pernicious gambling, the ordinary resource of people without ideas and without industry.—Are they not the idle to whom time seems tedious, and who fly to dissipation to fill the painful void created by want of useful occupation? Do we not among the idle commonly find those who, having wasted their estates, or suffered them, through inattention, to fall into decay, have been tempted to employ dishonest and criminal means in order to repair them? Are they not the idle also who are the tattlers and whisperers of society, and the authors of misunderstanding and discontent between friends and neighbours. Not feeling the excitement to ac-

tion that arises from virtuous principles and industrious habits, they abandon themselves to the stimulus of a low and prying curiosity, and their miserable employment is to hear and retail the anecdotes of slander.

But, from no cause are the idle more exposed to danger than from companions like themselves. They mutually mislead and ensnare one another. Their evil habits and their sinful passions acquire additional force, by being separated from the good, and associated only with the bad.—How many do we daily see falling, by this means, the victims of habitual intemperance? How many among the poorest classes of society, giving up the active and diligent pursuit of honest, though humble occupations, for the contemptible and ruinous habits of sauntering and tipling leave their unhappy families to suffer at home? How many that ought to live by their daily labour, do we see turning malicious tale bearers or ridiculous politicians, and regulating in their pretended wisdom, the affairs of the state, while their own trades are falling into decay? These men make up the mob of faction in every country.—And your idle politicians, your lounging patriots, and men who have embarrassed their circumstances by their own folly and neglect, are always hostile to good government, as if the laws were their enemies, and are ready for any disorder in the republic whenever they can find a wicked and a daring leader.

Honest industry exempts men from the temptations that lead to most, or to all of the crimes which have just been mentioned. Interest, in that case, concurs with inclination to render them sober, peaceful and orderly citizens.—The fermentation of sinful passions is checked by the active labours, either of the body or of the mind.—Secure, in the exercise of their own talents, of a competence always respectable in the esteem of the wise, and possessing sufficient to satisfy the moderate desires that are connected with industry and labour, they feel little inducement, to turn aside to the criminal, precarious, and dangerous resources of knavery for mending their fortune. Along with industry we will generally find sober manners, tranquil passions, modest desires, upright designs, benevolent dispositions, a mind superior to fraud, able to rely upon itself, solicitous for the interest of society, and inflexibly attached to duty. DR. SMITH.

#### SINGULARITY.

The Egyptians have a kind of veneration for Dogs. Those animals live as by tribes in their towns, with a sort of police among themselves; so much so, that if a dog wants to pass from one tribe to another, all the members of this last fall on the intruder and send him back to his own place. The charity of the Egyptians provides for their wants. They are left to die of old age, however disgusting they may be. Whoever should beat a dog, would set all Egypt in commotion. Those people have also some veneration for Doves; they live in their houses and in the streets as domestic animals.



#### —OBITUARY—

DIED—At Philadelphia the 15th inst. Mr. GODFREYD RICHTER, Printer, aged 73.

On the 10th inst. at Trenton, Mr. MICHAEL HOWE, in an advanced age.



## POETRY.

*THE pleasing art of poetry's design'd  
To raise the thought, and moralize the mind;  
The chaste delights of virtue to inspire,  
And warm the bosom with seraphic fire;  
Sublime the passions, lend devotion wings,  
And celebrate the FIRST GREAT CAUSE of things.*

From the COLUMBIAN COURIER.  
THE MOURNING MOTHER.

### AN ELEGY.

FROM heaven's high concave, where serene-  
ly mild,  
The eye of mercy beams upon the blest,  
Look down, Oh! faintest spirit of my child,  
And view the anguish in a parent's breast.

Yet rather turn from misery and woe,  
Thou dearest offspring of connubial love,  
Nor let a mother's wretchedness below,  
A moment dash thy happiness above.

Short sighted reason, ignorantly vain,  
Who in the womb of distant time could see,  
Or think I ever should have felt a pain,  
From that which gave felicity to thee.

Maternal fondness frequently would rise  
To that extreme, that wonderful degree,  
That scarce I sent an accent to the skies,  
But what was sent in tenderness for thee.

What means can language tenderly employ,  
So just a sense of sorrow to bestow;  
Or who that has not felt a mother's joy,  
Can form the least conception of her woe.

Each beam of genius open'd and refin'd,  
With joys transporting would I often trace,  
And mark how each expression of the mind  
Shone bright at once with dignity and grace.

Come mem'ry, come, all tortur'd, and declare,  
What souls like mine shall never cease to know,  
For anguish finds a pleasure to despair,  
And brood o'er all the amplitude of woe.

Pardon just Heav'n, for where the heart is  
torn

The human drop of bitterness will steal—  
Nor can we lose the privilege to mourn,  
While we are left the faculty to feel.

Religion come, thou sister of the skies,  
And quickly lift thy salutary rod,  
Nor let this daring argument of sighs  
So boldly tax the justice of my God.

The ways of Heaven, tho' seldom understood,  
Are still entitled to our highest trust;  
Tho' seeming dark are bountiful and good,  
And tho' severe are merciful and just.

Make me then, great Omnipotent, resign'd,  
Thine awful fiat humbly to receive,  
And Oh forgive the weakness of a mind  
That feels as mortal, and as such must grieve.

E.

### POOR MARY:—AN ELEGY.

By Mr. UPTON.

POOR MARY was lovely; and over her head  
But eighteen green summers had glided away;  
Young EDWIN (just twenty) besought her to wed,  
And fair was the promise of their bridal day

Not a nymph in the village but envy'd the  
maid—

So graceful, so modest, so winning her air:  
Not a swain but for MARY would sigh in the  
shade,

And carol his paeans in praise of the fair.

But EDWIN, 'twas thine—thine the blessing  
fraught lot,

To call this perfection of beauty thy own—  
To hail her the mistress to thee and thy cot,  
And leave other shepherds their fortune to  
moan!

And well did thy merits, most ill-fated youth,  
Deserve this lov'd maiden, for thee set apart—  
Whose bosom, like her's, was all fondness and  
truth—

Whose passions, like MARY's arose from the  
heart.

But War, (curse on War, wheresoever it be!)

'Twas this tore the youth from her tender  
embrace;

'Twas this forc'd her EDWIN afar o'er the sea,  
And left the tear trickling adown her sweet  
face!

But short was her anguish and heart-rending  
strife:

The tidings reach'd MARY, her love was no  
more!

She heard it—and death broke the fetters of life!  
She heard it—she sigh'd—and her sorrows  
were o'er!

And now, by the willow that waves o'er the  
stream,

Lies MARY—poor MARY! the villagers tell!  
And often they make her sad story their theme,  
And moisten her grave with the tear of  
FAREWELL.

### A TEAR.

OH! that the chemist's magic art  
Could crystalize this sacred treasure!  
Long should it glitter near my heart,  
A sacred source of pensive pleasure.

The little brilliant e'er it fell,  
The lustre caught from Fanny's eye;  
Then trembling, left its coral cell,  
The spring of sensibility.

Sweet drop of pure and pearly light!  
In thee, the rays of virtue shine;  
More calmly clear, more mildly bright,  
Than any gem that gilds the mine.

Benign restorer of the soul,  
Who ever fly'st to bring relief,  
When first she feels the rude controul  
Of Love, of Pity, Joy or Grief.

The fages and the poet's theme,  
In ev'ry clime, in every age,  
Thou charm'st in Fanny's idle dream,  
In reason's philosophic page.

That very law\* which moulds a tear,  
And bids it trickle from its source,  
That law presents the earth a sphere,  
And guides the planets in their course.  
\* Law of Gravitation.

### THE ONE THING NEEDFUL.

BEAUTY may dazzle poets eyes,  
Good sense allure the just and wise,  
Good breeding please a dancing master,  
And virtue charm a country parson;

Yet these with their possessors die,  
"And in the grave forgotten lie."  
But gold, pure gold not death impairs,  
Unchang'd, 'tis handed to our heirs,  
Who let the gazing world but view it,  
And all these things, are added to it.

### TO ADVERSITY.

*Sweet are the uses of Adversity.*—SHAKESPEARE.

NEGLECTED NYMPH! that with unpitied  
sigh,

Turn'st thy white cheek to every striking gale,  
While the base crew with wounding taunts  
affail,

And worthless wealth averts his wintry eye!

Yet the rich virtues follow in thy train,  
Thine is compassion's tear, submission's calm,  
Believing hope, religion's healing balm,  
And mild philosophy's instructive strain—

Thine is the plaintive poet's touching song,  
That tunes with melody the chords of care,  
To smile forgiveness on the careless wrong,  
And heal the wounded spirit of despair.

Oh, may I ne'er forget thy voice divine;  
But bless the hour that made its precepts MINE.

### The Origin of Man.

TO know the origin from whence you came,  
And the frail fashion of this human frame,  
Pause o'er those monuments with pensive eye,  
Where purpled tyrants, proud oppressors lie:  
All who could boast, wealth, wisdom, beauty,  
birth,  
Here meet and mingle with one common earth:  
Yet these no bright accomplishments could save  
From Fate's dread sentence to the gloomy grave.  
There, while you read the frailty of your frame,  
Learn from what vile original you came.

### The Poor shall not be oppressed.

WHO dares with wrongs the needy to pursue,  
Is base, nor base alone, but wicked too:  
What thoughtless pride, to spurn that humble  
state,  
Tho' now he boasts his heaps of golden store,  
Soon may those fail, and he be rich no more:  
The streams of Fortune, never at a stay,  
Oft change their course, and quickly glide away.

### THE IRISH ANGLERS:

#### AN EPIGRAM.

AN Irishman fishing one day in the Liffey,  
Which runs close by Dublin's great city so fine,  
A smart shower of rain falling, Pat, in a jiffy,  
Crept under the arch of Queen's bridge with  
his line,

"Arrah, that's not the way to accomplish your  
wishes,"

Cries Dermot:—"there devil a bite will you  
get."

"Ogh! brother," says Pat: "don't you know  
that the fishes

Will creep under here, to keep out of the wet?"

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By JOHN H. WILLIAMS,

FOR THE PROPRIETORS.